

A SPASM OF CHARITY

IT OPENED THE HEARTS AND PURSES OF THE JERICHOIANS.

Pap Perkins, Postmaster, Tells How the Contribution for the Needy Widow Was Started and How It Was Abruptly Closed by a Report From Lish Billings.

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The Widder Jackson, relict of Tom Jackson, had been one of us in Jericho for 15 years. She managed somehow to take care of herself until a long, lingering sickness came, and even then she suffered for care rather than let anybody know of her situation. It leaked out, however, and Jabez Thomas was one of the first to hear of it. He dropped into the postoffice one evening and told about it and then said to the crowd:

"Feller Citizens—If Jericho has a pecker strong p'int, it is charity. No man, woman or child ever yit called upon her in vain. It has bin our pride and our boast that we was a community with a heart to feel for the sorrows of others. Up there on the hill, as I

be depended upon to do as much as any other heart in Jericho. The paper went round, and men put down their names from 15 to 50 cents. Each one had an explanation to make. He was only throwin out a feeler, but could be depended upon for \$100 if there was need of it. The sum of \$180 had bin raised and there was a general feeling all through the crowd that Jericho was doin herself proud when Lish Billings came saunterin in. Deacon Spooner at once explained the case to him and added:

"Lish, you are known to be a big hearted man, and we all know you will be glad to contribute to such a worthy cause. Give us your name."

"I see," said Lish as he took the paper, "that you hev raised \$180 for a sick and distressed widder who has lived among us for 15 years."

"We hev."

"And it's all goin to be hers?"

"Every cent of it."

"And you want me to make it up to \$2 and do old Jericho proud?"

"That's it, Lish."

"Waal, you'll hev to excuse me. The widder don't happen to need the contributions of our throbbin and sympathetic hearts. She died about an hour ago, and her sister is comin down from Albany to bury her!" M. QUAD.

PAID FOR THE PICTURES.

Where the Money Came From That Settled the Bill.

"For diplomatic kindness I will never forget one man," remarked a well known sportsman of Pittsburg. "He certainly knew how to do the right thing, and although it didn't cost him anything it helped a crowd of us out of an embarrassing predicament for the time. A party of young fellows, myself in the number, were camping years ago on the Beaver river, not far from Rock point. None of us had much money after getting our outfit and the farmers got about all that was left in exchange for milk and butter. One day three of us decided to go up to the picnic grounds, and just as luck would have it, we met a crowd of girls from our own town. It was a happy meeting all around until some fool girl suggested that we all get our pictures taken. To save our lives, the three of us boys couldn't have raised a total of 16 cents, but like true soldiers of fortune we decided to go ahead and trust to luck to meet the obligation."

"The artist eyed us rather queerly and our hearts began to fail. After a whispered consultation I was delegated to take him aside and negotiate with him. I was authorized to stake everything we had, even down to our good names. I stated the case briefly but eloquently, and I must have made a good impression, for, when I had finished, he said it would be all right. The strangest part of it all to me was when he handed me a dollar bill."

"I know how it is myself," he said. "You want to put up a bluff before these girls. Just hand me the dollar for the pictures when I'm through."

"That was what pleased me, and I flashed that bill before the girls with the air of a magnate. It was just a month later that I learned from a brother of one of the girls that they had noticed our worried looks and had forestalled us by paying the photographer the dollar I flourished so proudly."—Pittsburg News.

Too Hurried.

A "tenderfoot" who was trying his luck on a western ranch was at first horrified by the table etiquette which prevailed among his associates.

One day his feelings evidently came so near the surface that a cowboy whose performances with a table knife of unusual size had aroused the tenderfoot's amazement, paused with another knife of food half way to his lips.

"What's the matter?" inquired the cowboy with disconcerting promptness, in the tone of one who means to be answered.

"Ah—er—nothing," hastily responded the tenderfoot.

"Look here," cried the cowboy, with an accompanying thump of his unoccupied hand on the table, "I want you to understand that I've got manners, but I haven't time to use 'em—that's all!"—Youth's Companion.

Something For Nothing.

Some time ago there appeared in several Paris papers an advertisement of an obscure fruit dealer, in which he offered to give a prize of 5 francs for the largest apple sent to him. Then fish caught at the bait with marvelous rapidity, and in less than a fortnight the advertiser had received enough fruit to stock his store for the season. Naturally he was glad to pay 5 francs for the largest of the lot, and just as naturally he kept all the unsuccessful specimens for sale from his shop. Besides, the advertising resulted in a large increase in his business.

A Harsh Fate.

"Tis, poor chap," said Michael, "he had a hard time av it. He ought to be glad he's dead. He never had none av the blessings av the rich. The only time he lver rode in a carriage in his life was phwin he went to his funeral."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Lucky Singles.

"Bingles is a lucky man. His time goes right on whether he is waking or sleeping, sick or well."

"What is Bingles' business?"

"Watchmaker."—Ohio State Journal.

English women are not supposed to read the daily newspapers. They take to the weeklies, and that is why London has a great number of that class of a high order.

In the sixteenth century it was customary in Germany to get up at 5 o'clock, dine at 10, sup at 5 and go to bed at 4.

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February 17, 1903.

ESTATE OF CATHERINE RAYNES.

deceased.

Pursuant to the will of JOSEPH W. RAYNES, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath of affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months from the date of this notice, or they will be forever barred from presenting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

EDWIN A. RAYNES.

THE LAST CHANGE.

Trumpeter, blow on, terrific and thunderous.

Blow till thy lungs outting the war gases.

Spare not the wounded that writhe and wind on, der us.

Drown in our ears all their piercing death wails!

Steady, dragons! Get together your forces!

Aim at the breast, for that makes the best target.

Now let us fly like a whirlwind of horses!

Ride like your forefathers! Cavalry, charge!

Trumpeter, sound me a dread note and dangerous!

Blow to the end of thy desperate breath!

Blow till the cry of thy clinging and clangorous.

Call back the squadrons that rode to their death.

Close up, dragons, and ride forward the guidon.

Trumpeter, blow me once more loud and large!

This is not earth, but dead men, that we ride on!

They were your brothers once! Cavalry, charge!

Trumpeter, sound a note tender and tremulous!

Wait for those lost to us, sob for our dead!

Cry loud for vengeance! Oh, let your note emulate.

Rival the roar of the souls that have fed!

Ready, dragons! Ye are fifty that follow!

Burst as a river bursts over its marge!

Who first can fling his horse into their hollow?

On, up and over them! Cavalry, charge!

—Thomas Tracy Bouve in McClure's Magazine.

RULED WITH A ROD.

But the Rod Must Be Iron, With a Red-hot Tip.

"When all other methods of controlling wild beasts fail the keeper has only to employ an iron rod, which has been made red-hot at one end," said an old circus man to a Star reporter recently.

"Lions and tigers," he continued, "will cringe before the heated poker, and no matter how restless and fractious they may have been the sight of the glowing iron immediately brings them to their best of animal senses. It has an almost hypnotic influence over the beasts. I have seldom heard of an animal being burned in this manner, however, so there is nothing cruel in the treatment. It would not do for the keeper to burn the charges under his care, for the scars would mar the animal for exhibition purposes. The hot iron is a terror, just the same, and under its persuasion the kings of the jungle are docile and ready to do what is wanted of them."

"In circus menageries the animals often become almost unmanageable. This is true of the younger specimens, who do not like the idea of being so closely housed, so much bawled about and so often cut off from the light of the outside world. When it becomes necessary to give their cages a thorough and sanitary cleaning, one attendant holds the beast in a corner by means of the red-hot iron, while another thoroughly cleanses the remaining portion of the cage, the work being accomplished by brooms and mops from the outside. In changing the wilder animals from the cages employed on the road to the larger and more commodious quarters at the winter station, what we call a strong box is used. The wagon is hauled alongside the large cage and the steel strong box, open at both ends, is constituted a passageway. The animal hesitates to make the journey through such a suspicious looking object, however, and again the heated iron must be brought into play."—Washington Star.

He Was Up to the Limit.

A young society woman tells a story of a very little newsboy who so appreciated her kindness to him at a news-boys' dinner that he went to the extent of great suffering for her sake. At least she thinks it was appreciation, but others have doubts. At all events, the young woman who, with a number of others, was engaged in serving the boys, noticed this little boy way off at one end of the table. Many of his larger fellows were already hard at work on the various good things, but this little fellow had evidently been neglected. Clearly here was a case of urgent charity, so the amateur waitress flew to his side, and for an hour she saw to it that he did not lack for anything. Plate after plate of turkey was literally showered upon him. Finally, as she set another piece of plum pudding in front of him, he rolled his eyes meekly toward her and said in muffled tones:

"Well, miss, I kin chew, but I can't swallow no more!"—New York Sun.

Ouida and the Duchesses.

Lord Rathmore told a friend how he once took Ouida in to dinner and how disappointed he was to find that the novelist devoted herself to the dishes rather than to intellectual refreshment. He said at last in despair at having only been able to get "Yes" and "No" in answer to the different subjects he introduced: "I'm afraid I'm singularly unfortunate in my choice of topics. Is there anything we could talk about to interest you?"

To which the chronicler of society's shortcomings replied: "There is one thing which would interest me very much. Tell me about the duchesses. I have written about them all my life and never met one yet."

The Double Letter.

The double letter is scarcely of use in any language. Sometimes we are purely inconsistent. Letter must have two t's, literal one. The double letter very seldom affects the pronunciation. Would it not be well to drop the double letter altogether? It would simplify spelling and save time too.—Notes and Queries.

The Exact Truth Extracted.

Caller—You look like a good and truthful girl. Tell me—is your mistress really out?

Domestic—She is, ma'am.

Caller—Where?

Domestic—At the elbows, ma'am.—Chicago Tribune.

A vulgar man is capacious and jealous, eager and impetuous about trifles. He suspects himself to be slighted, and thinks everything that is said meant at him.

German silver is not silver at all, but an alloy of various of the baser metals, which was invented in China and used there for centuries.

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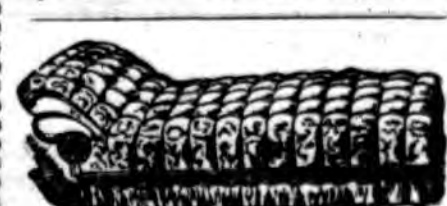
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